XV.

One morning as I happened to go near the big gate to our enclosure and only casually cast a glance at the outside, 1 seemed to see a lady standing in the outer garden attached to the residence of one of our European warders just in front of our enclosure. The lady suddenly took notice of me as I appeared at the gate and she looked as if she wanted to say something. She appeared to me of a rather stout built frame, almost what one might call fat, and her complexion seemed to show that she was more a European than an Indian, though she was dressed in Indian fashion, as far as I could judge from that distance. "Who's this"? she asked pointing to me; I stopped, but did not answer, as the question was not directly meant for me. **Do you know me?" she asked again, this time direct and not in the third person. I scrutinized her but she did not resemble any of my acquaint-ances so 1 felt rather undecided what to answer and stared at her in

confusion. She seemed to realise my difficulty and came to my rescue by saying "I am She". Even then I could not understand her meaning and kept